





THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE



TITUS ANDRONICUS

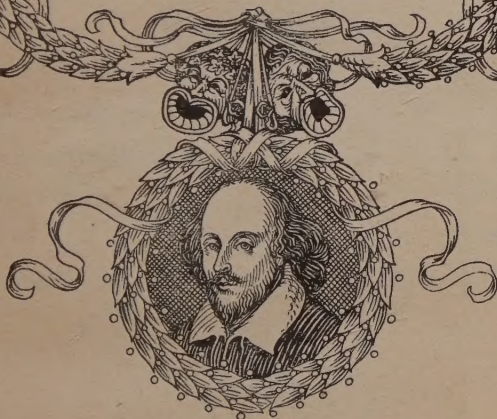


THOMAS KIRK. PINXT.

Marcus, Young Lucius, Titus & Lavinia.

SHAKESPEARE

TITUS
ANDRONICUS



1908

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INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MUNRO

TITUS ANDRONICUS.—No play more bestial than *Titus Andronicus*, perhaps, was produced on the Elizabethan stage. Concerning no other play are critical opinions so widely divergent. One school would have us believe every line Shakspeare's. Another denies that he wrote a word of it. Another declares that he scanned the lines of it; and another that he revised it considerably. Some critics are busy with excuses: after all, they say, *Titus* is a fine play, and immensely superior to others of its class. Prof. Raleigh, accepting it as Shakspeare's, principally because it is in the Folio and because Meres mentions it, frankly describes it as a work of youthful bravado.¹ Other critics are evidently uncertain in their decisions² and leave us little better for their examination.

The character of the play is offensive in the highest

¹ *Shakespeare*, 1907, p. 125.

² In his otherwise excellent book, *Handbook to the Works of Shakspeare*, 1907, Mr. Morton Luce makes several somewhat conflicting statements in regard to *Titus*. He thinks that Shakspeare's relation to *Titus* may be the same as to *Henry VI*. If he wrote the whole play, he continues, his first draft might have been in 1590, and his revision about 1593-4. Afterwards he is disposed to accept every line as Shakspeare's or as chosen by him from some original or originals; and finally, omitting piece-work, and believing that "there is little enough that might not have come from the pen of Shakspeare," regards *Titus* as Shakspeare's first essay in tragic drama (p. 188).

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degree : the whole of the action reeks with blood and abominable horrors. The play arouses in us emotions which we do not regard as the worthy ends of dramatic art, particularly of Shakspeare's. The emotions on which its author plays are terror awakend at the loathsome carnage, disgust at the beings who take part in the action, and resentment at the debasement of the noble, and the corruption and mutilation of the beautiful. The pathos which might associate itself with the fate of some of the characters is swept ruthlessly away, as outrage follows outrage, and human beings sink to a level lower than the brutes. The spring of the action is revenge of a most ignoble and savage kind, connected with revolting butchery, and dependent in its origin on unbridled animal passions, malignance, and ferocious hatred. The tragedy of Shakspeare is always pathetic, and saved from horror by the loftiness of the cause at stake and the characters concernd, or it takes the nature of a Nemesis, consequent upon crime or failure. The suffering he portrays is more psychological than physical. Themes of pure pity, of beautiful love, of kindly sympathy, are mingled in Shakspeare's tragedies. Pity in *Titus* is only mentiond to be denied ; a little love is smotherd by a sea of hate ; sympathy is outraged and mockt ; and justice becomes the vengeance of fiend against fiend. The beginnings of that intellectual quality in the possession of Hamlet, of conscience which brings its after-play in *Macbeth*, of nobility of motive which has its tragedy in *Othello*, of the moving pathos of *Romeo* where the bark of love is wreckt on unseen rocks, of the

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tremendous human appeal of *Lear*, are absent in *Titus Andronicus*.

And this is a play of 'youthful bravado'? The expression is surely not happy, and one sees nothing "youthful" in the play's execution. It has, to us, every appearance of the *confirmd* manner of an adult; and if the style can be shown to be that of others and not that of Shakspeare, may we not, seeing how removed the subject and thought of the play are from him, conclude that he never designed it, and did not write, at least, a very great part of it?

The first Quarto of the play was publisht in 1594. Gerald Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, speaking of *Titus Andronicus*, p. 464, says: "This play was first printed 4^o Lond. 1594, and acted by the Earls of *Derby*, *Pembroke*, and *Essex*, their Servants."¹ A unique copy of this edition, lately turnd up in Sweden, is said to have been sold for about £2,000, and is now in America. The second Quarto appeard in 1600, printed by J. Roberts for E. White, with the note, "As it hath been played by the Right Honorable the Earl of *Pembroke*, the Earl of *Darbie*, the Earl of *Sussex*, and the Lord Chamberlain, their Servants." The third Quarto, from the previous one, was printed in 1611 and publisht by White again, declaring the play to be, 'As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants.' The first Quarto was printed by John Danter, to whom it is enterd in the *Stationers' Registers*, February 6, 1593-4. The Folio of 1623 was printed from Quarto 3, and differs from it in

¹ *Allusion Books: Fresh Allusions*, p. 328.

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various readings. Shakspeare's name appeared on none of the Quartos.

Henslowe in his Diary, leaf 8, back, noted : 'ne. Rd at titus and ondronicus, the 23 of Jenewary 1593, iij^{li}. viij^s.'—where 'ne' signifies 'new.' The sum of £3 8s. was a considerable receipt for Henslowe, and the play must, therefore, have succeeded. The play was again presented on February 6, when John Danter's entry was made in the *Stationers' Register*. Henslowe had previously entered in a similar way a new play (ne) on April 11th, 1591, entitled *Titus and Vespasian* (leaf 7, back). In 1598, Francis Meres noted *Titus* as a play of Shakspeare's in his *Palladis Tamia*. In a book called *Father Hubbard's Tales*, 1604, the author, T. M., referred to the play. Ben Jonson in his Induction to *Bartholomew Fayre*, 1614, said, p. 4 : "Hee that will sweare *Ieronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet shall passe unexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these five and twentie, or thirtie yeeres." Ravenscroft in his revision of *Titus* into *Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia*, 1687, wrote : "I think it a greater theft to Rob the dead of their Praise, then the Living of their Money. That I may not appear Guilty of such a Crime, 'tis necessary I should acquaint you, that there is a Play in Mr. *Shakespear's* Volume under the name of *Titus Andronicus*, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the Stage, that it was not Originally his, but brought by a private Author to be Acted, and he only gave some Master-

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touches to one or two of the Principal Parts or Characters ; this I am apt to believe, because 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his Works. It seems rather a heap of Rubbish than a Structure."

There is extant an old German *Tragedy of Titus Andronicus*, publisht in 1620, and discust by Cohn in his *Shakspeare in Germany*, 1865, pp. 155 seq. This play coincides in the main with our *Titus*, but most of the characters are differently named. Lucius, afterwards emperor, is calld Vespasianus ; Lavinia is Andronica ; Marcus is Victoriades ; Bassianus is calld Lavinia's husband ; Tamora is Ætiopissa ; Aaron is Morian ; Demetrius is Helicates ; and Chiron is Saphonus : only Titus retains his name. A portion of the part acted by Marcus in the English version is performd by Vespasian in the German. The name Vespasian has led to the theory that the German play coincides, or is connected, with Henslowe's *Titus and Vespasian*. One need not point out that the evidence for this is very small. The two plays may, of course, be connected, but the mere coincidence of the name "Vespasian" is not enough to prove it.

It will be seen that the external evidence in connexion with this play is of a conflicting nature, and that any critic can make out a case from it. Arthur Symons, in his *Introduction to the facsimile of the 1600 Quarto (Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles, No. 29)*, says, p. vii., that the facts "are at the mercy of every theoriser, and can be easily bent to the service of any pre-determined hypothesis." This notwithstanding, and true as it may be, an examination of the evidence for

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and against must be made. The evidence, in the first place, goes to show that the play was acted for a company (Sussex's) for which we do not know that Shakspeare wrote. The omission of Shakspeare's name from the title-pages of the Quartos is a more serious set-back to those who claim Shakspeare as the play's author than is generally admitted. Publishers were only too glad to appropriate the poet's name for the title-pages of two such dubious plays as *Pt. I. of Sir John Oldcastle*, in 1600, and of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, in 1608; and, doubtless, they would have done the same with the *Titus* Quartos of 1600 and 1611 had they suspected him to be connected with the play. True that Shakspeare's name was omitted from early Quartos of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Romeo*; but here it should be noticed that the second Quarto of *Richard II.* did possess the poet's name; that while the *Titus* Quartos are comparatively well printed, the *Richard III.* Quarto text is piratical and remarkably different from the Folio, and its nature is not thoroughly understood; and that while the first *Romeo* Quarto presents similar problems, there can be little doubt that Shakspeare's play is the result of overwriting.¹

As Dr. Brinsley Nicholson first pointed out years ago,² Meres's characteristic is his method of balancing one series of names with a like number of similar ones. He eulogises eight Greek writers, eight Latin, and eight English. Of Shakspeare's works he mentions

¹ See J. M. Robertson's *Did Shakspeare write Titus Andronicus?* p. 16 seq. All students should consult this excellent and valuable book on *Titus*.

² *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, 1874, p. 123.

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six comedies and six tragedies. Against the five classical lyrical poets he balances five English lyricists. The comedies of Shakspeare he mentions are: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Love's Labour's Won*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. The tragedies are: *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.¹ This list omits *Henry VI.* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, two revised plays, the first of which was certainly successful and should have been mentioned, like *King John*. Meres had not the assistance of printed copies, except, perhaps, in the case of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and relied on his knowledge of the theatre; and he would doubtless accept as Shakspeare's a successful play acted by the poet's company and revised to some extent by him.

The fear of critics in rejecting *Titus* is born of a laudable reverence for the Folio, wherein the play is printed. Altho' for the bulk of Shakspeare's work the Folio must always be our authority, yet in regard to one or two plays where, from their character, doubt is permissible, one may be allowed to make comparisons. How much of Part I. of *Henry VI.*, and, for that matter, of Parts II. and III., is Shakspeare's? And yet these are printed in the Folio, together with much other matter that was never written by the dramatist; while *Pericles*, which contains a good deal of his work, is omitted. *Titus Andronicus* was a successful play, and, as Robertson points out, it is impossible to say how far Heminge and Condell

¹ *Allusion Books: Centurie of Prayse*, p. 21.

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were guided in their selection and rejection by what was the theatrical property of Shakspeare's company. In any case, from analogy it follows that it cannot be held that the inclusion of *Titus* in the Folio proves Shakspeare's authorship; at the most, under the circumstances, one can hold that he revised it. Apart from this external evidence, we have Jonson's reference to *Andronicus* in *Bartholomew Fayre*.¹ The twenty-five years he mentions, if taken literally, give a date of about 1589-90. Henslowe, however, noted *Titus and Vespasian* in 1591. It does not look, therefore, as tho' Jonson's reference was to the play now ascribed by some to Shakspeare, and his association of *Andronicus* with *Jeronimo* points to a further conclusion. The date of Kyd's *Jeronimo* is about 1592; this makes Jonson's twenty-five years roughly correct; and does it not seem probable that he associated *Titus* with the author of *Jeronimo*? Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* is of exactly the same type as *Titus*, which is in his conception of tragedy and exhibits his manner of construction.

The case which the supporters of Shakspeare's authorship have tried to make from the internal evidence has been sometimes vitiated by the cital of Elizabethan commonplaces, but one or two of the striking passages which have been declared Shaksperian may be mentioned.² Henry B. Wheatley (in *Trans. New Shaks.*

¹ Curiously, Jonson's remarks do not seem to apply to an *Andronicus* that has suffered any considerable change or revision, for he tells us that the judgment of him who still holds it the best play, *is constant and has stood still* these twenty-five or thirty years.

² The student should consult on this point Grosart's paper on the play in *Englische Studien*, Band xxii., 1896, and Robertson's book, cited above, where the contrary arguments of Baildon and Prof. Collins are dealt with.

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Soc., 1874, pp. 126-9) cited a number of passages which seemed to him Shaksperian, and these have been often re-echoed. The words of Bassianus in Act I. sc. i.:

“Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,”

seem to be commonplaces, echoed tho' they are in *Julius Cæsar*. The words of Demetrius, II. i.:

“She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won,”—

repeated in 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii.:

“She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won,”—

are really, as Grosart shows, the property of Greene,² who uses these phrases in his *Planetomachia* of 1585 and *Perimedes* of 1588. Wheatley³ also cites as Shaksperian the passage II. ii., commencing:

“The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;”

Wheatley does not say in what these lines are Shaksperian, and proceeded on the dangerous principle of ascribing all the *best* lines to Shakspeare without reference to parallels in earlier plays by other writers; but if we may ascribe them to anyone we may do so to Peele, who in his *Old Wives Tale*, as Robertson shows, p. 136, writes:

“The day is clear, the welkin bright and grey,
The lark is merry and records her notes,”

¹ This, too, was probably never written by Shakspeare, and has been ascribed to Greene.

² *Englische Studien*, xxii., p. 401.

³ Prof. Collins instances the same passage.

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The lines in *Titus*, II. iv. :

“Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning’s dew distilled on flowers,”

have been declared Shakspeare’s from their resemblance to *Venus and Adonis*, 665 :

“Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.”

But this figure of blood on flowers is again Greene’s idea, and must also have been fairly common. In Greene’s *Alphonsus*, I. i. 84, we read :

“Where is the knight become
Which made the blood besprinkle all the place?”

and in his *Mourning Garment* :

“As if lilies were imbru’d
With drops of blood to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.”¹

Wheatley also instances as typically Shaksperian, *Titus*, V. ii. :

“I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well, &c.”

but these lines were assuredly by the author of *Selimus* (probably Greene), where we read :

“Witness these handless arms ;
Witness these empty lodges of mine eyes !
Witness the gods
Witness the sun whose golden-colored beams, &c.”²

¹ Robertson, p. 40.

² *Ib.*, p. 44.

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Another passage which has been cited as Shakspeare's is *Titus*, I. i. :

“ Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky ; ”

which is thought to be similar to *Cymbeline*, V. v. :

“ Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars , ”

while the true parallels appear in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris* (Prologue) :

“ Flaming fire
Whose thick and foggy smoke, piercing the sky ; ”

and in his *Battle of Alcazar*, V. i., where we find “ *sacrificing fire* ” ; and in II. i. of the same play, where there is the similar sacrifice of a son :

“ Give and sacrifice her son,
Not with sweet *smoke* of fire and sweet *perfume*. ” ¹

Nobody contends, moreover, that the great number of classical allusions in the text are characteristic of Shakspeare.

Titus Andronicus finds its fit place, not in the Shakspeare canon, but in that earlier school of plays whose characteristic feature was blood and horror. Such plays could achieve a considerable popularity ; they moved the multitude who delighted in the uproar and cruelty of bear-baiting. They appealed to a craving for excitement which was satisfied by murders, tumults, battles, quarrels, duels, storms, and strange vicissitudes.

¹ Robertson, p. 34.

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To this class belong *Gorboduc*, *Selimus*, *Jeronimo*, *The Spanish Tragedy*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Lust's Dominion*.

That Shakspeare, with all the grace and daintiness of his earlier work, could have so far followed this school as to have written *Titus* is incredible; the hands of other confirmed masters of this style are, as we have seen, shown in the play, and one can only conclude that, if he touched it at all, his share must be very small. The internal evidence, as Robertson says,¹ goes to prove that much of the play was written by Peele, and still more by Greene, and his final conclusion is, in his own words: "The probability is that between 1590 and 1592 Greene revised or expanded an older play, in which Peele had already a large share; but there is the alternative possibility that Peele revised an old play by Greene and Kyd. The fresh matter, or revision, which in 1594 caused the play to figure as new, may again have been by Peele, or by Kyd, or by Lodge; but the amount contributed by either of the two last-named to the present play is small, though it is somewhat likely that Kyd had a hand earlier in shaping the plot."²

As to how much of the play was by Shakspeare, it is impossible to say. Out of the 2,523 lines counted by Miss Teena Smith and Dr. Furnivall in the "Globe" edition, only twenty-three lines are ascribed to the poet,³ but Robertson's theory that he merely made some of the lines scan is likely to be

¹ Robertson, p. 238.

² *Ib.*

³ *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880-6, p. 111.

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correct.¹ The ballad of *Titus Andronicus* printed in Percy's *Reliques*, and perhaps coincident with that mentiond in the *Stationers' Register's* entry of 1593, may have preceded the text of *Titus*, which may have borrowd from it; but it is more probable that the ballad is a condensation of the play.

Dr. Furnivall, who carefully studied the play in 1874 and has re-read it four times since, has never waverd from his opinion that Shakspeare can in no way be held responsible for it. He considers the story too barbarous and wantonly and unnecessarily beastly to have attracted Shakspeare. He also notes the silly and needless murders in it, the absurd keeping alive of Lavinia after she must have bled to death with both her hands cut off and tongue cut out, and the folly of passages like these, to and of Lavinia:

“Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool [her heart] in sea-salt tears.”

III. ii. pp. 86-7.

“She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.”

III. ii. p. 87.

Where, in Shakspeare, is anything so senseless as the first of these bits, and why does he make a mash-tub of a girl's cheeks?

According to Daniel, the action occupies four days,

¹ A transcript of the play in the poet's hand, made in rewriting the lines in order to make some scan, may account for its acceptance by Heminge and Condell.

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with possibly only two intervals between the second and third, and the third and fourth days (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 191). Ellacombe, writing of the season, says: "There is a plant-note in Act II., sc. ii. :

" 'The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.' "

(*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880-6, p. 75.)

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS, }
QUINTUS, } *Sons to Titus*
MARTIUS, } *Andronicus.*
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS, }
DEMETRIUS, } *Sons to*
CHIRON, } *Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—ROME, and the Country near it.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers at one side, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome :
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :
But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown*

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by
friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand

A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery
Chosen Andronicus, surnaméd Pius

For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts !

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortune's and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS
go up into the Capitol.]

Enter a Captain, and others

Cap. Romans, make way ! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned

From where he circumscribéd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter MARTIUS
and MUTIUS. After them two Men bearing a
coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and
QUINTUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS and
then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DE-
METRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners;
Soldiers and People following. They set down
the coffin, and TITUS speaks*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds !

Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
These that I bring unto their latest home,

With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren,

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred réceptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren !—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
 To beautify thy triumphs and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ;
 But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
 For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
 Draw near them then in being merciful :
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive and dead ; and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
 To this your son is marked, and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that armed the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in
the tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells ,
Here grow no damnéd drugs ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Enter LAVINIA

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter below MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes ;
re-enter SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovéd brother,
Gracious triúmphér in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?—
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world :

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
emperey.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell ?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them
not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—

Andronicus, would thou wert shipped to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince : I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,

Titus Andronicus

I ask your voices and your suffrages :
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—‘ Long live our emperor !’

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say,—‘ Long live our Emperor Saturnine !’

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress.
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To TAMORA.*] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my
lord ?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolved withal,
To do myself this reason and this right

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's
guard ?

Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised ! by whom ?

Bass. By him that justly may

Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [*Stabbing* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help ! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begged the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece

To him that flourished for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of
Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac-
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conqueréd.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his Followers ;
TAMORA and her Sons ; AARON and
Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus, and challengéd of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS

Marc. O Titus, see! O, see what thou hast
done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonoured all our family :
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes :
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can ; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ! What villain was it spake that word ?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What ! would you bury him in my despite ?

Marc. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one ;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman ; be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barred his entrance here.

Tit.

Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome !—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is ;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one door, SATURNINUS, attended ; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON ; at the other door, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

Bass. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wronged;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath,
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord : the gods of Rome for-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you !
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to SATURNINUS.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be
won at last ;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne.
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor ;—come, Andronicus :—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise : my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness

Titus Andronicus

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not : trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come ; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bon*
jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Palace

Enter AARON

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress.
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph;
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, un-
advised,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy
tongue

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What ! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?
Young lords, beware !—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world :
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her ! how ?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus
may.

Dem. Then, why should he despair that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? would it offend you then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that
you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come ; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns ;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome

Horns and cry of Hounds heard

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.*, MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

[*Horns wind a peal.*]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—

Madam, to you as many and as good.—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us
have.

And to our sport. [*To TAMORA.*] Madam, now
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A lonely Part of the Forest

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest

[Hides the gold.

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolléd in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise :
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathéd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ;
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
 Now question me no more ; we are espied :
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life !

Aar. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA

Bass. Whom have we here ? Rome's royal
 empress,
 Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop ?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her,
 Who hath abandonéd her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps !
 Had I the power that some say Dian had
 Thy temples should be planted presently
 With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
 Should drive upon thy new-transforméd limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ;
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquestered from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness !—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-coloured love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long :

Good king, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have ticed me hither to this place :

A barren detested vale you see it is ;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe :

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.

And when they showed me this abhorréd pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confuséd cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death :

And then they called me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous
Tamora ;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard : you shall know, my
boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her :
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And, with that painted hope she braves your
mightiness :

And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that
sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservéd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee ;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble ;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

[*To CHIRON.*] Do thou entreat her show a woman
pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself
a bastard ?

Lav. 'T is true, the raven doth not hatch a lark :

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means? away with
her !

Lav. O ! let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—

Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away with her, use her as you will :
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora ! be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place ;
For 't is not life that I have begged so long :
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg ; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stayed us here too
long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly
creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring
thou her husband :

[*Dragging off LAVINIA.*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her
sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you : were 't not for
shame

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Falls into the pit.]

Quint. What ! art thou fallen ?—What subtle
hole is this

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers ?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O brother ! with the dismall'st object
hurt,

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. *[Aside.]* Now will I fetch the king to find
them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stainéd hole ?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints :
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining
heart,

Aaron and thou look down intō this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O ! tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewéd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring réceptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out ;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
help.

Quint. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—

Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know, thou dost but
jest :

He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS
ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS*

Tam. Where is my lord the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though grieved with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound :

Poor Bassianus here lies murderéd.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] " An if we miss to meet him hand-
somely,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.

Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. [*To Titus.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discoveréd!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accurséd sons,
Accurséd, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with
them. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE V.—The Same

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA
ravished ; her hands cut off, and her tongue
cut out*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who't was that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy mean-
ing so ;

An if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Titus Andronicus

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting

Marc. Who's this ?—my niece, that flies away so fast ?

Cousin, a word : where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopped and hewed, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—

Alas ! a crimson river of warm blood,

Titus Andronicus

Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah ! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame ;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 't is so ?
O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
Sorrow concealéd, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind :
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O ! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life ;
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice,
 with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on
 to the place of execution ; TITUS going before,
 pleading*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes,
 stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watched ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*]

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain :
The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;

Titus Andronicus

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.

When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And were they but attiréd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones ;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death. *[Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
For which attempt the judges have pronounced

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine : how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banishéd !
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accurséd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use :
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred
thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear ; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he killed me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banished man,
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me : what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee :
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemned and dead by this.
 Look, Marcus ; ah ! son Lucius, look on her :
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they killed
 her husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ,
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine
own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee :
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this ;
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Titus Andronicus

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death :
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such withered herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
both :

Titus Andronicus

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be called deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS's hand.]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatched.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it :

More hath it merited ; that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchased at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

Titus Andronicus

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—[To LAVINIA.] What! wilt thou
kneel with me?

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O, brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be movéd with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,

Titus Andronicus

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sentst the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked ;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[LAVINIA kisses TITUS.

Marc. Alas, poor heart ! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starvéd snake.

Titus Andronicus

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber : see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banished son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,

Titus Andronicus

That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things :
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome : till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Titus Andronicus

SCENE II.—A Room in TITUS'S House. A
Banquet set out

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a boy

Tit. So, so ; now sit ; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast ;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

[*To* LAVINIA.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
talk in signs,

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote
already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none,

Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall too; and, gentle girl, eat this.—

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;

I can interpret all her martyred signs.

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

Titus Andronicus

And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have killed, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my
heart ;

Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny :

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas ! my lord, I have but killed a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast killed
him.

Titus Andronicus

Marc. Pardon me, sir : it was a black ill-favoured
fly,

Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I killed him.

Tit. O, O, O !

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah !—

Yet I think we are not brought so low

But that between us we can kill a fly

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :

I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Rome. Before TITUS's House

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes !
Alas ! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine
aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these
signs ?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius :—somewhat doth she
mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy ! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies
thee thus ?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her ;
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
 Ran mad through sorrow : that made me to fear ;
 Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth ;
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
 Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt ;
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over with her stumps the books
 which LUCIUS had let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia ?—Marcus, what means
 this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see.—
 Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.
 But thou art deeper read, and better skilled ;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—
 What book ?
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. I think, she means that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact :—ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses :
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps, she culled it from among the rest

Tit. Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves !
Help her :

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ! note, how she quotes
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet
girl,
Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there !
Patterned by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece :—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with feet and mouth.]*

I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this
shift !—

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.]*

Titus Andronicus

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Marc. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord ; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once :
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back ;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman : Marcus, let alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And with a gad of steel will write these word
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full
oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury:
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Titus Andronicus

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield ;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace

*Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one door ;
at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attend-
ant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ
upon them*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you
both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both deciphered,
that's the news,

For villains marked with rape. [*To them.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be arméd and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round
about ?

Let's see :

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you
have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found
their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick ;
But were our witty empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit :
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy
star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils ; the gods have
given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here ?

Titus Andronicus

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O, tell me, did you
see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath
he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam:
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you whore ! Is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone
her.

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathed choice !
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands
 What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
 Ye white limed walls ? ye ale-house painted signs !
 Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
 This before all the world do I prefer ;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
 bears.

Fie, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blush-
 ing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
 Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
 As who should say, ' Old lad, I am thine own.'
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
 Of that self blood that first gave life to you ;
 And from that womb where you imprisoned were
 He is enfranchiséd and come to light :
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stampéd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you ;
 Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords : when we all join in
 league,

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
 The chaféd boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the delivered empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel, when the third 's away.
Go to the empress ; tell her this I said :

[*Stabbing her.*

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore
didst thou this ?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be receivéd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; you see, I have given her physic.

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

Titus Andronicus

This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing off
the dead Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you
hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*]

Titus Andronicus

SCENE III.—Rome. A public Place

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen (PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and CAIUS) with bows

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—kinsmen, this is the way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets,
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,

Titus Andronicus

What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched :
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence ;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius ! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

Titus Andronicus

I'll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear :

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—here, *ad Apollinem* :—

Ad Martem, that's for myself :—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—here, to Mercury :
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine :
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy ; Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect ;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O,
well said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap : give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon :
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
done ?

See, see ! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when
Publius shot,
The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
She laughed, and told the Moor he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his lordship
joy !

*Enter the Clown, with a basket and two pigeons
in it*

News ! news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ! he says that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold meanwhile, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Titus Andronicus

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
Lords, and others: SATURNINUS with the
arrows in his hand that TITUS shot*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?

Titus Andronicus

My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods—
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears—there nought hath passed
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
This to Apollo ; this to the god of war ;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where ?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignéd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health ; whom, if he sleep,
He'll so awake as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Titus Andronicus

Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his
heart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall
become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with us ?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God and Saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, sirrah ; you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged ! By'r lady, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !
 Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds.
 May this be borne ?—As if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butchered wrongfully !—
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair :
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.—
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman ;
 Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

Æmil. Arm, my lords ! Rome never had more
 cause.

The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
 Of high-resolvéd men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus :
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
 These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
 storms.

Titus Andronicus

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'T is he the common people love so much :
Myself hath often overheard them say,
When I have walkéd like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody ;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Titus Andronicus .

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will ;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To ÆMILIUS.*] Go thou before, be our ambassador :
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome

*Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drum
and colours*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivéd letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let them make treble satisfaction.

1st Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great
Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on curséd Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in
his arms*

2nd Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops
I strayed,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:—
'Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace,'—even thus he rates the
babe—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,

That robbed Andronicus of his good hand :

This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?

Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? not a word ?

A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,

And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder ! [*A ladder brought, which AARON
is made to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;

And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things

That highly may advantage thee to hear :

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more ; but vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; an if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed :
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind : I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no
god :

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not ;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, calléd conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath :—for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him :—therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the
empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut ! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murdered Bassianus :
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain ! call'st thou that
trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and
trimmed, and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corse of Bassianus lay ;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons ;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pryed me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :
 And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never
 blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think
 Few come within the compass of my curse—
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks ;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 ' Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
 Tut ! I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily, indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire :
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS

Welcome, Æmilius ! what 's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

1st Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS's House

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study where they say he keeps
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge :
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

TITUS opens his study door

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,

Titus Andronicus

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge :
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea :
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with
me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they
called?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore call'd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they
are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
wrong,
And I will be revengéd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Titus Andronicus

Good Murder, stab him : he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him : he's a ravisher —
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor :
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us : this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'t is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
 Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them
 This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys?
 will you abide with him

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
 How I have governed our determined jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
 And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they
 suppose me mad.

Titus Andronicus

And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of curséd hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell. [*Exit TAMORA.*]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed ?

Tit. Tut ! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS, and others

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The empress' sons

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much
deceived ;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name ;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it : therefore, bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c., seize CHIRON and
DEMETRIUS.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA ; she
bearing a basin, and he a knife*

Tit. Come, Come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are
bound.—

Sir, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stained
with mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband, and for that vild fault
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats.

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
 Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[He cuts their throats.]

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vild heads be baked.—
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—Court of TITUS'S House. Tables
set out

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths ; with AARON
prisoner*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1st Goth. And ours, with thine ; befall what
fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accurséd devil.

Let him receive no sustenance ; fetter him

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings.

And see the ambush of our friends be strong :

I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallowed slave !—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Titus Andronicus

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
and others*

Sat. What ! hath the firmament more suns than
one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle ;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled,
young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the
dishes on the table*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread
queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;

And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs : please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowered ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die !

[*Kills LAVINIA.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and un-
kind ?

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Titus Andronicus

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakéd in that pie
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp
point. [*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurséd deed!
[*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Killing SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
people in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans go up into a
gallery.*]

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of
Rome,
By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl

Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 O, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body,
 Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself ;
 And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
 [*To Lucius.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst
 our ancestor

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
 The story of that baleful burning night
 When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief ;
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory
 And break my very utterance even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curséd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderéd our emperor's brother ;
And they it was that ravishéd our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave :
Lastly, myself unkindly banishéd,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me ;
For, when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child ;

Of this was Tamora deliveréd,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damned as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ! and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand
Lucius our emperor ; for well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail ! Rome's royal emperor !—

[*To Attendants.*] Go, go into old Titus sorrowful house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.—

[*LUCIUS, &c., descend.*]

Lucius, all hail ! Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.—
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* *TITUS.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy : come, come, and learn
of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee
well ;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Titus Andronicus

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy :
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O Lord ! I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON

1st Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with
woes !

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him ;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom ;
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

Titus Andronicus

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral right, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES

I. i. p. 30. **Revenge upon the Thracian tyrant.**—Hecuba, queen of Troy, lured Polymnestor into her tent and mutilated him, in revenge for his murder of her son Polydorus.

I. i. p. 32. **Solon's happiness**—*i.e.* death. Solon declared that no man could be called happy till he was dead.

I. i. p. 33. **Obtain and ask.**—Obtain for the asking.

J. i. p. 43. **I give your grace to know.**—‘I give you to understand.’

II. i. p. 48. **Clubs, clubs!**—‘In any public affray the cry was “Clubs! Clubs!” by way of calling persons with clubs to part the combatants.’ (Nares.)

II. i. p. 48. **Have your lath glued within your sheath.**—A dagger of lath was the conventional weapon of Vice, the clown of the Morality plays.

II. i. p. 53. **Sit fas aut nefas, ... Per Styga, per manes vehor.**—Two quotations from Seneca's *Hipolytus* :

‘Be it right or wrong’ (l. 1180).

‘I am borne over the Styx through the land of shades’ (l. 1181).

II. iv. p. 65. **A precious ring that lightens all the hole.**—It was formerly a common belief that precious stones shone and gave light in a dark place.

III. i. p. 79. **Limbo.**—*Limbus patrum*, the border-land of hell; thus named by the Church Fathers as the region in which the souls of the *patriarchs* and all saints remained, who died before the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Here *Limbo* is used for hell itself.

Notes

III. i. p. 85. **Leaves his pledges dearer than his life.**—The '*pledges*,' being dearer to him than life, are a guarantee of his return.

III. ii. p. 86.—This scene is omitted in the Quartos.

III. ii. p. 86. **Sorrow-wreathen knot.**—Folded arms, a proverbial sign of profound dejection.

IV. i. p. 94. **Magni dominator poli, &c.**—'Mighty Ruler of Heaven, dost Thou so tardily hear crimes, and see them committed?' A quotation from Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 67.

IV. ii. p. 97. **Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.**—'He who is of pure life, unsullied by sin, needs neither the darts nor the bow of the Moor.' (Horace, *Odes*, book i. 22.)

IV. iv. p. 112. **Thy life-blood out**—i.e. drawn thy life-blood out.

V. i. p. 118. **This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye.**—Alluding to the proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye.'

V. i. p. 120. **Fought at head.**—Johnson comments: 'An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose.'

V. i. p. 121. **Ay, like a black dog.**—A proverb that reads: 'To blush like a black dog,' in Ray's *Proverbs*; meaning, to be incapable of blushing. Cf. Aaron's explanation of the advantage of a black skin:

"Why, there 's a privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart;
Here 's a young lad framed of another leer."

GLOSSARY

Abate: reduce. I i. p. 25.
Abused: deceived. II. iii. p. 58.
Accited: summoned. I i. p. 25.
Acheron: a river of Hades. IV. iii. p. 107.
Achieve: obtain. II i. p. 50.
Actæon: who was transformed into a stag by Diana. II. iii. p. 57.
Advanced: raised aloft. II i. p. 47.
Advice: reflection, deliberation. I i. p. 41; "good —," deliberate consideration. IV. i. p. 94.
Advised: "well —," in full possession of his senses. IV. ii. p. 97.
Advise thee: consider, reflect. IV. ii. p. 102.
Affect: desire. II i. p. 51.
Affected: loved. II i. p. 48.
Affy: confide. I i. p. 25.
Afoot: up from childbed. IV. ii. p. 97.
After: afterwards. II. iii. p. 60.
Age: seniority. I i. p. 24.
Aim: "give me —," leave me to the expression of my personal feelings. V. iii. p. 140.
Alcides: Hercules. IV. ii. p. 101.
Aloft: in the Capitol (*i.e.* in the balcony of the Elizabethan stage). I i. p. 23.
Anchorage: anchor. I i. p. 27.
Annoy: grief, distress. IV. i. p. 92.
Appointed: equipped. IV. ii. p. 97.
Approve: prove. II. i. p. 48.
Approved: tried, tested. V. i. p. 116.
As: so that. II. iii. p. 59.

Associate: unite with. V. iii. p. 141.
Author to dishonour you: advise conduct that would dishonour you. I i. p. 44.
Badge: "Vulcan's —," *i.e.* the stigma of his wife's unfaithfulness. II i. p. 51.
Baleful mistletoe: the berries of the mistletoe were believed to be deadly poisonous. II. iii. p. 59.
Bane: mischief. V. iii. p. 137.
Bauble: alluding to the carved head of a Fool's club. V. i. p. 119.
Bay: desperate extremity. IV. ii. p. 98.
Beholding: beholden, indebted. I i. p. 42.
Belike: I suppose. IV. ii. p. 98.
Bewray: old form of 'betray'; make known, explain. II. v. p. 69.
Bid: invited. I i. p. 39.
Blabbed: uttered vivaciously. III. i. p. 76.
Blowse: a plump, red-faced wench. IV. ii. p. 100.
Boast: "doth make a gleeful —," vaunts its merriment. II. iii. p. 55.
Bon jour: good morning. I. i. p. 46.
Boots: avails. V. iii. p. 134.
Brabble: quarrel. II. i. p. 49.
Bravely: with good grace. IV. iii. p. 110.
Braves: defiance. II. i. p. 48; haughtily defies. II. iii. p. 60.
Braving: defying, taunting. II. i. p. 48.
Break the parle: cease talking. V. iii. p. 134.

Glossary

- Broach**: hoist. IV. ii. p. 100.
Buz: whisper. IV. iv. p. 111.
Candidatus: candidate. I. i. p. 32.
Careful: full of care. IV. iii. p. 106.
Castle: fortresses. III. i. p. 80.
Challengéd: accused. I. i. p. 39.
Chaps: scars, furrowed wrinkles. V. iii. p. 137.
Charm: exert magic influence over. II. i. p. 48.
Charming: holding as by a spell. II. i. p. 47.
Chase: hunting district. II. iv. p. 67.
Cheer: countenance, demeanour. I. i. p. 85.
Churl: niggard. I. i. p. 46. (*Cf. Sonnets* I. 12.)
Clean: entirely. I. i. p. 29.
Cleanly: dexterously. II. i. p. 51.
Close: secret. IV. ii. p. 102.
Closing with: humouring of. V. ii. p. 126.
Closure: extinction. V. iii. p. 139.
Cocytus: a river of Hades. II. iv. p. 66.
Codding: lecherous, lustful. V. i. p. 120.
Coffin: pie-crust. V. ii. p. 132.
Coil: uproar, turmoil. III. i. p. 82.
Compact: made. V. iii. p. 137.
Compassion: pity, feel compassion for. IV. i. p. 95.
Competitors: comrades, partners. II. i. p. 50.
Complot: plot. II. iv. p. 67; V. i. p. 119.
Conceit: wit, invention. IV. ii. p. 97.
Conduct: escort. IV. iv. p. 113.
Confederate: leagued. V. i. p. 121.
Continence: sobriety. I. i. p. 24.
Controlled: hindered. I. i. p. 43.
Convenient: fitting, appropriate. V. ii. p. 127.
Cornelia: mother of Cornélius and Caius Gracchus. IV. i. p. 90.
Couch: conceal themselves. V. ii. p. 125.
Cousin: here used for niece. II. v. p. 70.
Cozened: defrauded. V. iii. p. 138.
Cut: cut out. V. i. p. 120.
Cross: pugnacious. II. iii. p. 57.
Cyclops: Vulcan's giant-servants. IV. iii. p. 107.
Dancing-rapier: a sword worn only as an ornament. II. i. p. 48.
Days: dallying with the appointed time. IV. ii. p. 104.
Deadly-standing: fixed in deadly intention. II. iii. p. 56.
Dear: grievous. III. i. p. 84.
Deciphered: discovered. IV. ii. p. 96.
Decreed: determined. II. iv. p. 68.
Despite: "in my —," in defiance of me. I. i. p. 40.
Detect: betray, expose. II. v. p. 71.
Dian: Diana, the goddess of Chastity. II. iii. p. 57.
Discover: reveal. V. i. p. 120.
Dispose: dispose of. IV. ii. p. 104.
Doubted: suspected. II. iii. p. 58.
Dreadful: full of horror. II. i. p. 52.
Drive upon: attack, run upon with full force. II. iii. p. 57.
Dumps: state of ill-humour. I. i. p. 42.
Ecstasies: madness. IV. iv. p. 111.
Ecstasy: frenzy. IV. i. p. 96.
Egal: equal. IV. iv. p. 110.
Embracement: embrace. V. ii. p. 126.
Embrowéd = imbrued, bathed in his blood. II. iv. p. 65.
Emperial's: Clown's blunder for emperor's. IV. iii. p. 109.

Glossary

- Empery**: empire, sway. I. i. p. 24; appointment as emperor. I. i. p. 24.
- Empress**: (tri-syllabic). I. i. p. 38, &c.
- Enacts**: workings, resolves. IV. ii. p. 102.
- Enceladus**: one of the hundred-handed giants who made war upon the gods. In his flight Athena is fabled to have thrown the island of Sicily upon him, his efforts to liberate himself causing the volcanic condition of Mount Etna. IV. ii. p. 100.
- Enforced**: forced. V. iii. p. 135.
- Engine**: instrument. III. i. p. 78.
- Engines**: "file our —," sharpen our instruments, further our projects. II. i. p. 52.
- Entreats**: "at —," to entreaties. I. i. p. 44.
- Escape**: escapade, outrageous offence. IV. ii. p. 101.
- Exclaims**: outcries. IV. i. p. 94.
- Extant**: practice, maintenance. IV. iv. p. 110.
- Extremes**: excesses of grief. III. i. p. 82.
- Fact**: crime. IV. i. p. 92.
- Fat**: fatten. III. i. p. 81.
- Fatal**: ill-boding. II. iv. p. 64.
- Fear not**: fear not for. II. iv. p. 69.
- Feed**: food. IV. iv. p. 114.
- Fell**: fallen. II. v. p. 72.
- Fere**: consort, spouse. IV. i. p. 94.
- Fitted**: provided. V. ii. p. 127.
- Flood**: sea. IV. ii. p. 101.
- Fond**: foolish. II. iii. p. 62.
- Forfend**: forbid. I. i. p. 44.
- Forlorn**: lost, deserted. II. iii. p. 62.
- Found**: found out. IV. ii. p. 97.
- Fraught**: freight. I. i. p. 27.
- Funeral**: burial. IV. ii. p. 103.
- Funerals**: obsequies. I. i. p. 41.
- Fury**: a fit of madness. IV. i. p. 91.
- Gad**: goad, sharp-pointed instrument. IV. i. p. 95.
- Gear**: business. IV. iii. p. 107.
- Gentleness**: gracious service. I. i. p. 34.
- Gloze**: mislead with fine talk. IV. iv. p. 112.
- Good**: "were as —," might as well. IV. iii. p. 107.
- Good den**: good-e-en, good-evening. IV. iv. p. 112.
- Gramercy**: many thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). I. i. p. 46.
- Gratulate**: make thankful celebrations. I. i. p. 34.
- Grave fathers**: reverend senators. III. i. p. 72.
- Grey**: *i.e.* the steely blue of early morning. (*Cf.* "The grey-eyed morn," *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. p. 67.) II. ii. p. 53.
- Griefs**: grievances. I. i. p. 44.
- Ground**: plain song, melody (on which the descant is elaborated), a musical term. II. i. p. 50.
- Hale**: haul, drag. V. ii. p. 125.
- Hap**: chance. V. ii. p. 128.
- Happily**: haply, perhaps. IV. iii. p. 105.
- Happy**: timely. II. iii. p. 56.
- Heaviness**: sorrow. III. ii. p. 88.
- Heavy**: sad, sorrow-laden. III. i. p. 84; distressing. IV. iii. p. 106.
- Hecuba**: mother of Hector, whom Achilles slew during the siege of Troy. IV. i. p. 91.
- High-witted**: clever, shrewd (one of several references to Tamora's cleverness. *See* 'Witty'). IV. iv. p. 112.
- Himself**: "not with —," beside himself, distracted. I. i. p. 41.
- Holpst**: didst help. IV. iv. p. 113.
- Home**: to the utmost. II. i. p. 52.
- Honesty**: chastity. II. iii. p. 61.
- Honey-stalks**: clover flower, of which cattle are prone to overeat. IV. iv. p. 114.

Glossary

- Hyperion** : the Sun-god. V. ii. p. 126.
- Ignomy** : ignominy. IV. ii. p. 101.
- Imperious** : imperial. I. i. p. 35; IV. iv. p. 114.
- Increase** : offspring. V. ii. p. 132.
- Indifferently** : impartially. I. i. p. 44.
- Inherit** : take possession of. II. iii. p. 55.
- Insinuate** : ingratiate himself. IV. ii. p. 98.
- Insult on** : triumph over (probably by inflicting tortures). III. ii. p. 89.
- Intercept** : interrupt. III. i. p. 74.
- Intercepted** : hindered. II. iii. p. 58.
- Jest** : "Here's no sound —," this is really no subject for jest. IV. ii. p. 97.
- Jet upon** : encroach upon, insolently disregard. II. i. p. 49.
- Joy** : enjoy. II. iii. p. 58.
- Kind** : nature. II. i. p. 52; strain, breed. II. iv. p. 68.
- Laertes' son** : Ulysses. I. i. p. 41.
- Lamenting doings** : lamentations, woeful stories. III. ii. p. 88.
- Languor** : grief, affliction. III. i. p. 73.
- Learn** : teach. II. iii. p. 61.
- Leave** : cease. I. i. p. 43.
- Leer** : hue, complexion. IV. ii. p. 102.
- Leisure** : "I'll trust by —," I shall be slow to trust. I. i. p. 87.
- Lingering languishment** : 'a long, sentimental courtship' (Baldon). II. i. p. 52.
- List** : pleases. IV. i. p. 94.
- Lively** : living, actual. III. i. p. 77.
- Loaden** : laden. V. ii. p. 125.
- Loose** : leave go. II. iv. p. 66; let fly. IV. iii. p. 107.
- Love-day** : day of reconciliation (alluding to the 'love-days' appointed by the Church). I. i. p. 46.
- Luxurious** : lustful. V. i. p. 120.
- Madded** : maddened. III. i. p. 77.
- Manes** : "ad *manes* fratrum," 'to the spirits of my dead brothers.' I. i. p. 28.
- Martyred** : maltreated, tortured. III. i. p. 76.
- Mashed** : a technical brewing term for mixing malt with hot water to form wort. III. ii. p. 87.
- Maugre** : in spite of. IV. ii. p. 101.
- Mean** : means. II. v. p. 71.
- Meed** : recompense. V. iii. p. 136.
- Minion** : impudent creature. II. iii. p. 60.
- Mist'ership** : Clown's blunder for 'mistress-ship.' IV. iv. p. 112.
- Mock** : scorn. IV. iv. p. 113.
- Napkin** : handkerchief. III. i. p. 78.
- Nilus** : the Nile. III. i. p. 75.
- Note** : "have —," be informed. II. iii. p. 58.
- Object** : terrible sight. III. i. p. 75.
- O'ercome** : covered, overgrown. II. iii. p. 59.
- Of my word** : on my word. IV. iii. p. 107.
- Officious** : zealously helpful. V. ii. p. 132.
- Onset** : commencement, first move. I. i. p. 34.
- Opinion** : reputation. I. i. p. 43.
- Ours** : it is our mind. V. iii. p. 133.
- Overween** : presume. II. i. p. 48.
- Pack** : plot. IV. ii. p. 103.
- Painted hope** : unjustified confidence, specious assurance. II. iii. p. 60.
- Palliamant** : robe, mantle. I. i. p. 32.

Glossary

- Parcel**: part, group. II. iii. p. 57.
- Part**: depart. I. i. p. 46.
- Passing**: extremely. II. iii. p. 58.
- Passion**: profound sorrow, 'passioning.' I. i. p. 28.
- Passionate**: express our grief in gesture (see Note to III. ii. p. 86, 'Sorrow-wreathen knot'). III. ii. p. 86.
- Patient yourself**: have patience. I. i. p. 29.
- Patrons**: official defenders. I. i. p. 28.
- Patterned**: 'the very counterpart.' IV. i. p. 92.
- Perfect**: perfectly conversant. III. ii. p. 87.
- Philomel**: Philomela, ravished by Tereus, who also cut out her tongue to prevent an exposure of his crime (see 'Tedious'). II. iii. p. 57.
- Phoebe**: Diana. I. i. p. 38.
- Piece**: 'huzzy,' "changing —," inconstant creature. I. i. p. 38.
- Pitch**: the highest point of a falcon's flight. II. i. p. 47.
- Piteously**: in a pitiable, heart-rending manner. V. i. p. 119.
- Played your prize**: won the contest (a technical term of the fencing schools). I. i. p. 42.
- Popish**: an anachronism for 'superstitious.' V. i. p. 119.
- Power**: armed force. III. i. p. 85; IV. iv. p. 118.
- Present**: immediate. II. iii. p. 68.
- Presently**: immediately. II. iii. p. 104.
- Pretend**: claim. I. i. p. 25.
- Progne**: the wife of Tereus, who avenged his outrage of her sister Philomela by serving up to him his dead son Itys at a banquet. V. ii. p. 182.
- Proper palfreys**: handsome saddle-horses. V. ii. p. 125.
- Propose**: be prepared to face. II. i. p. 50.
- Put it up**: put up with it. I. i. p. 44.
- Put up**: sheath your swords. II. i. p. 48.
- Quit**: requite. I. i. p. 80.
- Quotes**: examines. IV. i. p. 92.
- Ragged**: rugged, jagged. V. iii. p. 189.
- Ragged entrails**: rugged interior. II. iv. p. 65.
- Rapier**: a small sword used only for thrusting. IV. ii. p. 100.
- Re-edified**: restored, rebuilt. I. i. p. 40.
- Remembered**: "be you —," bear in mind. IV. iii. p. 105.
- Remit**: pardon. I. i. p. 46.
- Reserved**: preserved. I. i. p. 81.
- Resolve**: answer. V. iii. p. 135.
- Rolléd**: coiled up. II. iii. p. 55.
- Rude-growing**: luxuriant, of rampant growth. II. iv. p. 64.
- Rue**: pity. I. i. p. 28.
- Ruffle**: riot, be turbulent. I. i. p. 38.
- Sacred**: *i.e.* by virtue of her royalty (used ironically). II. i. p. 52.
- Sanguine**: ruddy. IV. ii. p. 101.
- Saturn**: referring to the astrological belief that those born under the planet *Saturn* were of a morose, 'saturnine' disposition. II. iii. p. 56.
- Scath**: harm, injury. V. i. p. 116.
- Search**: probe. II. iv. p. 67.
- Secure**: fearless. II. i. p. 47.
- Securely**: carelessly, confident of safety. III. i. p. 72.
- Self**: self-same. IV. ii. p. 102.
- Semiramis**: the Assyrian queen, whose name was proverbial for lust and cruelty. II. iii. p. 60.
- Sensibly fed**: receiving sentient life. IV. ii. p. 102.
- Sequence**: succession, one after the other. IV. i. p. 91.
- Séquestered**: apart. II. iii. p. 58.
- Shield**: preserve. II. iii. p. 58.
- Shive**: slice. II. i. p. 50.
- Sibyl's leaves**: the oracles of the Roman prophetess. IV. i. p. 95.

Glossary

- Single you:** isolate. II. i. p. 52.
Sinon: the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to admit into their city the wooden horse filled with Grecian soldiers. V. iii. p. 137.
Slips: offences. II. iii. p. 58.
Sith: since. I. i. p. 36; IV. iii. p. 107.
Smoke: perfume. I. i. p. 80; sweat, 'steam.' IV. ii. p. 101.
Smooth: flatter. IV. iv. p. 115.
So: provided that. IV. ii. p. 102; V. i. p. 122.
Solemn: ceremonial, grand. II. i. p. 52.
Some deal: somewhat. III. i. p. 88.
Somewhat: something. IV. i. p. 90.
Speak him fair: humour him. V. ii. p. 129.
Speed: gain their ends, obtain their desires. I. i. p. 41.
Spotted: polluted, stained. II. iii. p. 58.
Spurn: blow, wound. III. i. p. 77.
Square: quarrel. II. i. p. 51; shape, regulate. III. ii. p. 37.
Stale: laughing-stock, dupe. I. i. p. 87.
Stand on: demand, insist upon. IV. iv. p. 115.
Starv'd: benumbed with cold. III. i. p. 83.
Stayed: kept, detained. II. iii. p. 63.
Still: continually. III. ii. p. 87; constant. III. ii. p. 88.
Stint: cause to stop. IV. iv. p. 114.
Stood upon: 'set great store by.' II. iii. p. 60.
Straight: immediately, forthwith. I. i. p. 29.
Stuprum: i.e. violation. IV. i. p. 94.
Subscribe to: follow. IV. ii. p. 102.
Succeed: "now —," even now succeeded. I. i. p. 25.
Successantly: (?) in succession. IV. iv. p. 115.
Successive: inherited (as opposed to 'elected'). I. i. p. 24.
Suppose: conjecture. I. i. p. 44.
'Surance: assurance, proof. V. ii. p. 125.
Surprised: taken at a disadvantage. IV. i. p. 92.
Suum cuique: to every man his due. I. i. p. 36.
Swarth: swarthy. II. iii. p. 58.
Sweet: perfumed. II. v. p. 70.
Sounded: swooned. V. i. p. 121.
Take up: call upon to rise. I. i. p. 45; make up, effect reconciliation. IV. iii. p. 109.
Tedious: laborious (Philomela [q.v.] exposed Tereus to her sister Procne by working a sampler with a representation of her own ravishment). II. v. p. 71.
Temper: manage, mould. IV. iv. p. 115; mix. V. ii. p. 132.
Tendering: having regard for. I. i. p. 46.
Terras Astræa reliquit: 'Astræa left the earth' (it was fabled that the goddess of Justice remained on the earth longer than any of the other pagan deities). IV. iii. p. 105.
That: that which. I. i. p. 43.
Thracian poet: Orpheus, who journeyed to the infernal regions to bring back Eurydice. II. v. p. 72.
Timeless: untimely. II. iv. p. 67.
Titan: the Sun-god. I. i. p. 34.
Tofore: heretofore, before. III. i. p. 85.
Trained: enticed. V. i. p. 120.
Tribunal plebs: Clown's blunder for '*tribunus plebis*,' the tribune of the people. IV. iii. p. 109.
Tully's Orator: *De Oratore*, Cicero's treatise on the training of an orator. IV. i. p. 90.
Turn: return. V. ii. p. 129.
Turned-forth: outcast. V. iii. p. 133.
Typhon: a giant of ancient legend, to whom were attributed disasters of fire and flood. IV. ii. p. 100.

Glossary

- Unadvised:** unwisely. II. i. p. 48.
- Uncouple:** release the hounds. II. ii. p. 53.
- Uncouth:** perplexing, uncanny. II. iv. p. 65.
- Undertake:** guarantee, stand surety. I. i. p. 44.
- Unfurnished:** deprived, unattended. II. iii. p. 57.
- Unkind:** against nature. V. iii. p. 135.
- Unrecuring:** incurable, fatal. III. i. p. 76.
- Unroll:** uncoil. II. iii. p. 56.
- Up and down:** exactly, from head to foot. V. ii. p. 128.
- Urns:** 'reservoirs for tears, the eyes' (Hammer). III. i. p. 73.
- Urchins:** hedgehogs. II. iii. p. 59.
- Venereal:** amorous. II. iii. p. 56.
- Vild:** (Folio, 'vil'd') vile. V. ii. p. 131.
- Virgo's lap:** "in —," into the midst of the constellation Virgo. IV. iii. p. 107.
- Villain:** here used as a term of endearment. V. i. p. 117.
- Voice:** vote. I. i. p. 24.
- Wags:** moves, stirs. V. ii. p. 127.
- Walks:** glades. II. i. p. 52.
- Wall-eyed:** with eyes fixed and glaring. V. i. p. 118.
- Ware:** wore. I. i. p. 24.
- Waxing:** rising, inflowing. III. i. p. 76.
- Weeds:** garments. I. i. p. 27.
- Welkin:** the region of the sky. III. i. p. 82.
- Well said:** well done. IV. iii. p. 107.
- What:** for what, why. I. i. p. 82.
- Wind:** get scent of. IV. i. p. 94; "have the — of you," keep you under observation. IV. ii. p. 102.
- Witty:** clever, endowed with exceptional intelligence. IV. ii. p. 97.
- Wot:** know. II. i. p. 49.
- Wreak:** vengeance. IV. iii. p. 106.
- Wreaks:** craving for revenge. IV. iv. p. 111.
- Wrest:** decipher. III. ii. p. 87.
- Wrongfully:** wrong, unjust. IV. iv. p. 114.

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